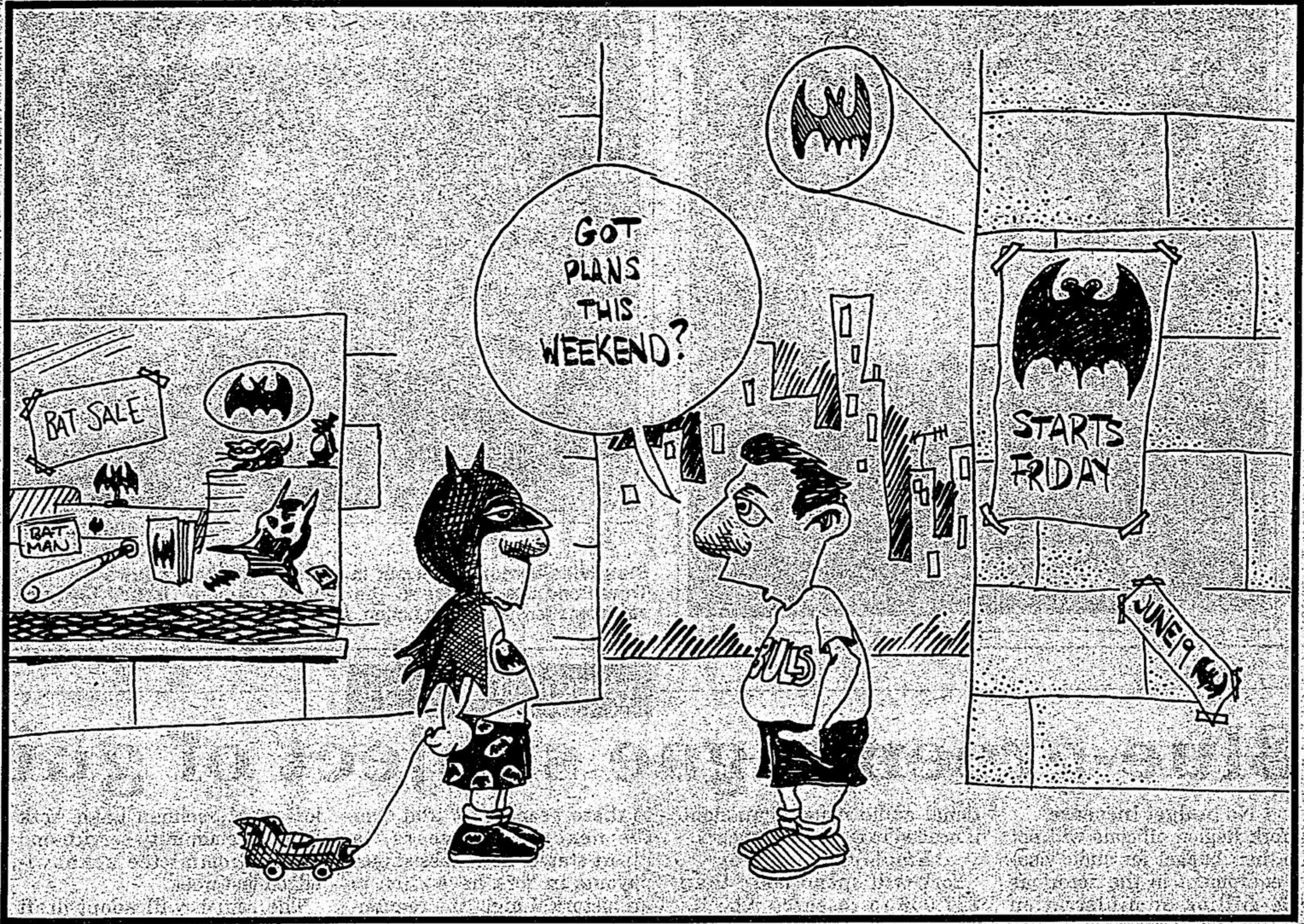


stouffville comment

August too late for dump meeting

Why is council not holding a public meeting on the proposed landfill sites in Whitchurch-Stouffville immediately? Ask your councillor.

Council has decided it had best wait to see the outcome of the study before meeting the general public. This will not take place until after Aug. 4. Markham and other towns have already held similar meetings. That is a month and a half of waiting, stewing and worrying. It makes sense to hold a meeting to at least allow people to vent their frustration on this issue. Council could listen and learn; perhaps not to take immediate action, but to appease a concerned citizenry. August is too late for a full public meeting on the dump sites. *The Tribune* has received more than 130 responses (see the form on page 1) from people who do not want the dump - council could at least fill one out.



The Attack of Kodster and his Fists of Food

Housecleaning has taken on a whole new perspective.

Since the "Kodster" came along, that is.

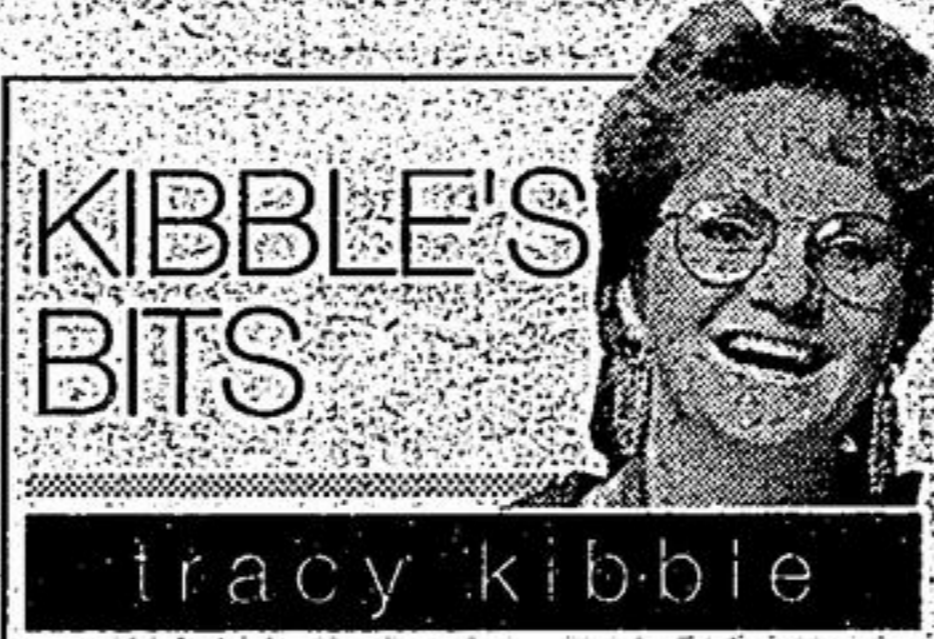
It used to be that sweeping the floor meant gathering bits of dirt, the odd stiffened pea, a bread crust or two and a whole lot of ordinary fluff.

Not anymore, however, since 10-month-old Kody decided it's more fun to whip his Cheerios across the room than to eat them. Raisins stick nicely to the side of the cupboards, too. It's a matter of wills now, because the more I try to reason with the midget, the farther he throws those toasted oats. I'll say, "No, Kody. That's not good, that's bad. N-O spells no."

He laughs, looks right at me and whips a slimed cookie at the refrigerator.

Please tell me this is just innocence - mishmashing with intrigue, because if I have a future Charles Manson on my hands, I'll need some sort of counselling now, won't I?

It seems the little guy throws things I don't know about right away too. Because after he's asleep - a rare occasion - I'll head back into the kitchen (aka food battlezone) and attempt to clean up. Something squishy and slightly warm oozes up between my toes. Banana. Aah! A mother's nightmare. It's called food cement. The kind you have to scrape off furniture if it's allowed



to dry there. Walking on my heels to find a cloth I realize this is only the beginning to a slow but sure process. Project: House Trash. (So that's why the guy who laid our lush pink carpet two years ago laughed out loud as he banged it down. "No kids eh?" he asked me and shook his head. That pale pink tone has settled

into a soft two-tone, brown-beige color, thanks to Mr. Monster and his flinging fists of food.

Kody is now at the stage where he wants to grab the spoon from my hand just as it approaches his mouth. Usually an overloaded spoonful of orange mashed squash ends up down the side of his highchair or on his forehead or on my blouse.

I wear a bib now too. Kody has the death grip - I end up tugging the spoon back and forth, watching carefully that the contents don't spray across the room. But he holds on. I say, "No Kody, Tah, tah to mommy." Yeah, right. It's hard to discourage a kid when

he's trying to learn to eat himself. He's turning independent, wants to feed himself. Wants to show me how smart he is. Wants to drive me crazy.

Just when I got used to Kody crawling around the house at an unbelievable speed, he decides to up and walk. A few steps here and there; he looks like a drunken sailor. My friends all say the same thing: "Oh, it's real cute the first few weeks, till they get the hang of it." I'm hoping he'll be so caught up with walking around that he'll forget all about this food throwing thing.

He will, won't he?
Answer me... someone. Hello?

The result of proper braiding

I pride myself on my ability to handle teen tantrums, adolescent angst and the perils of puberty.

There are some things pertaining to parenthood, however, that turn my blood to ice. Chief among them is an announcement from my daughter's dance teacher that French braids are required for the annual recital.

Dance recitals are a bitter-sweet experience at the best of times. Although you are filled with parental pride at the sight of your emerging swan, your enthusiasm tends to be clouded by fears that her hat will fall off, her shoe will come untied or her inexpertly coiffed hair won't make it through Act 1 Scene 1.

These fears, which often wake you up in a sweat at 3 a.m., are not lessened by the assurances of your more creative counterparts, who can't understand what



you're getting all worked up about.

"It's easy," they insist and, worse, "I'll teach you." It's no use saying that it would be easier to teach a ferret to fly, they remain stubbornly convinced that you will eventually get the hang of it.

Furthermore, like everything in my life, this trauma was played out at the last minute on the day of the recital. Fortunately for me, one of my accomplished friends offered to do Clare's braids, although her offer was accompanied by a vague threat of teaching me later on.

The results were magnificent.

Not only did my daughter's hair look perfect, but she didn't shower her neighbor with bobby pins every time she did a pirouette. Even after she'd slept on her coiffure, it was still firmly in place. My gratitude to my friend was overshadowed by the fact that the recital ran for two nights. It was one thing to ask her to give up a chunk of her lunch hour to help me for the opening night, but another entirely to expect her to do it twice. Being the perceptive, kind person she is, however, she didn't wait to be asked, and we went through the whole rigmarole again the next day. For the first time in my career as a stage mother, I felt relaxed and confident as the curtain rose for the last night.

My daughter, and her hair, performed beautifully. And my friend has a job for life.

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